

THE
LITERARY LOUNGER.

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THE DRAMA.

THE devotion of a space in our Miscellany to the consideration of the drama, will render a few prefatory remarks necessary; we shall thereby be enabled to state our intention with regard to the future disposal of the subject, and we do this, lest in entering at once on the ungracious task of theatrical criticism, our readers should imagine that we intended to furnish long periodical essays on the subject, be the events of the month worthy record or not—we do it, moreover, to avoid the misery of being obliged to furnish the uninteresting *plot* of every uninteresting drama presented to our notice. In the first place then, it is *not* our intention to report on every new melodrama, or every newly revived farce, or every newly arrived monkey; we would rather hand down in our brief abstract and chronicle, the appearance of legitimate novelty, or the novelty of legitimate performance; it is our wish to raise the drooping energies of our drama, and not, by glozing over its faults, tend to its further debasement, we shall hail with real pleasure revivals of those plays, which, though mellowed by the hand of time, appear as fresh, and as gay, and as racy as ever, and shall *always* preserve sufficient taste to prefer Shakespeare and his cotemporaries to the playwrights of 1825. We shall raise, as far as our humble means extend, the claims of native, though hidden talent, and shall pursue with invective, the presumptuous effrontery of those who, possessing no real claim to distinction, “split the ears of the groundlings,” and gain the applause of those who are devoid of judgment, with the vilest trickery and rant, with their false readings and glaring inconsistencies—and we shall endeavour, at the same time, to controvert those overwhelm-

ing advantages which splendid scenery and costly decorations have obtained over good writing and good acting—

“To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe.”

Having said thus much, we shall briefly state our opinion of the drama as it now is, and without any reference to the immediate cause—be it fashion, or be it any other circumstance—we must state that it is, in every respect, very inferior to what it has been—and what it has been too, within a very few years—we must say that every succeeding season tends to compromise its dignity, that every succeeding month produces some dangerous innovation; and when these facts are continually presented to our notice, it is no wonder that we find the review of our drama, even in its abstract state, a far from pleasing task; and when we consider it as it is, and as we know it was—when we compare the splendid triumphs which dramatic poets have achieved, with the insipid maudlin every day placed before us—when we see all this, no wonder that we find the task unpleasing, and the duty irksome; we shall endeavour, however, to discharge it with justice and impartiality, and shall be in some measure recompensed, by now and then discovering a pearl on the dunghill, which we are obliged to rake—for

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune placed,

Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste.

Of the two *national* theatres we will now speak, and first of Drury Lane, “Old Drury”—the theatre where Garrick shone, and where, in later days, Kean and Young played Othello and Iago—the theatre where Macready first appeared in William Tell—(that splendid achievement!) the theatre too where, some two years ago, Munden, the incomparable Munden played, and from whence he sent his farewell audience “weeping to their beds”—of that theatre we must speak. Alas! it now presents the wreck of former grandeur! and why is it? No combinations of talent can be formed; it has been proved that one good actor cannot support the interest of a play, and at Drury Lane any thing beyond that is out of the question. The performers are generally good; the stormy, good-hearted Downton is there, and the mercurial Harley, and “Little Knight,” and Liston too, Mrs. Davison, and the ever charming Miss Kelly—and yet what has been done? Nothing! literally nothing! Some re-

vivals have taken place it is true, but the witty dialogue has been most mercilessly murdered by some *walking gentlemen*; in tragedy the same—when that has been played at this theatre, those actors who would have succeeded well in the second-rate parts, have attempted and spoiled the first, and in the same ratio, the third-rate performer has usurped the part of the second. This looks bad; the evil is deeply rooted, and desperate means must be used to eradicate it. Where is Kean? Banished to America! Why not recall him, surely by this time his fault is expiated? Where is Macready? and where is Young? *Their* fame, their professional existence is dependent on a metropolitan engagement, and yet they appear not! Suppose them engaged at this theatre, what delight would the lover of the drama feel, in attending the performance of Othello or King John, or seeing Macready in *Virginus* and William Tell, Young in Hamlet and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant; or, if those gentlemen refuse engagements, why not have extended that of a man of talent, though disfigured, in some measure, by rant and affectation, but still possessed of genius and talent—we mean Booth. In these days, the least appearance of incipient talent should be nourished; the spark of honourable ambition once excited, may become a beautiful and a steady light. As it now is, this theatre can present no diversity of entertainment, nor any one department equably supported. Tragedy is out of the question; one or two characters in Comedy may be well supported, but the rest are miserably personated; and Opera, can at present boast but Horn and Cooke, although report and the play bills state that Sinclair and Miss Stephens have accepted engagements.

At Covent Garden, if we except the grossest outrage of the propriety of the drama, in the introduction of a man whose talent consists in personating the action and manners of an ape, some progress has been made towards an improvement. In the first place, the performers are capital; and although Mr. Young's secession from the theatre must be regretted, yet the varied talents of Mr. Kemble himself, added to the more than respectable declamation of Warde, and energetic delivery of Cooper, the terseness of Farren, the heartiness of Fawcett, the gentlemanly ease and buoyancy of Jones, and the naïveté of Keeley, to which may be added the dry caustic humour of Blanchard, and the portly presence and good-humoured manner

of Bartley, these form a company of great and acknowledged talent. In the retrospect of the season, as far it has extended, we must mention one *striking novelty*—a five act comedy called “Love’s Victory,” a play which taken for all in all, is vastly superior to the epicene dramas and trifling vaudevilles with which we have been so long saturated; it is sterling and is legitimate, and though, as an acting play not eminently successful, yet it is an omen of fair import; above all, it is no Paul Pry comedy, no practical joke, where an actor’s face creates that hearty laugh which the dialogue he has to utter entirely dissipates; it appeals to our feelings and our sensations, and every good play should do so; producing, if in comedy, not by extravagance, boisterous and unmeaning mirth; nor in tragedy, any paralysis of the affections—at all events “un ‘tiens’ vaut mieux que deux ‘tu l’auras,’” applies to this comedy. Julius Cæsar has been played, and Kemble’s Marc Antony and Fawcett’s Casca will ever form delightful associations. Hamlet has been played; and in comedy, the manager in Young Mirabel Farren in his father, and Jones in Duretete, form a junta of talent. Other dramas have been well played, and were the monkey but removed to the Cobourg (we might *once* have said the Adelphi, but that little theatre, under the guidance of two able guardians is fast issuing from its *minority*) we should *almost* award our unqualified admiration to the performances in Covent Garden theatre.

We have now examined the state of our two theatres; we have not it is true, entered into any learned disquisition touching the colour of the interior of this theatre, when placed in comparison with the other, nor have we said which moulding most gratifies our taste, or which curtain most harmonises with the grandeur of the whole. We have neglected to apostrophize the merits of Grieve, or Pugh, or Stanfield, or Marinari, our remarks have been behind the curtain; classic and appropriate scenery we admire, and dresses and decorations, simple and harmonising; but we object to unnatural colouring in the one case, and useless tinsel in the other. We care little for the colour of the house, be it rose, or pink or purple, so that the performances be good; our object in visiting the theatre is to identify ourselves with the creations of the poet’s fancy—our request is *modest*, we do not ask for more.

But we have said much more of the drama, and its contingencies,

than we at first intended, this shall not occur again; we only wished to state our opinions generally, so that our readers should not accuse us of variableness, or term us *temporisers*, in defending that system this month, which we oppose the very next.

In a month or two, we shall give our opinion of the respective merits of Messrs. Young, Kean, Macready, and Kemble, and avoiding all invidious comparison, trust to award to each his due, without detracting one iota of merit from his fellow; if we fail, it is through want of taste or want of judgment, not through favouritism or prejudice—we trust our readers will judge us so.

LOVE AND WAR.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH OF GONGORA.

IN armour bright,
A Spanish knight,
His king's behests obeyed;
His heart and soul,
Without controul,
A Moorish maiden swayed.

To Oran far,
Where rag'd the war,
The noble warrior came;
By love subdu'd,
The maid he woo'd
She felt an equal flame.

One night the pair,
The brave, the fair,
(Short truce from war's alarms!)
Arous'd from bliss
Of toy and kiss,
A sudden call to arms.

In dead of night,
Oh fear and fright!
A gallant troop is seen;

The Literary Lounger.

The moonlight ray
On their shields doth play,
Three hundred shields, I ween.

The watchmen saw
The sheen from far,
The watch-towers blaz'd with light ;
With fearful clang,
The loud bells rang,
The signal rous'd the knight.

Can love withhold,
A Spaniard bold,
When drums, when trumpets call ?
Can craven fear,
Or maiden's tear,
A warrior's heart appal ?

His neck around
Her arms she wound ;
The noble Moorish maid !
With fearful eye,
And frequent sigh,
The generous maiden said—

“ Go out to fight,
My valiant knight,
Obey the summons stern ;
I'll lay my head
On this lone bed,
And weep till you return.

“ Your arms then don,
And, quick, begone,
Your fame brooks no delay ;
For love must yield,
And quit the field,
When duty calls away.

E'en naked go,
To meet the foe,
And mock their swords and spears;
What foeman fierce,
A breast can pierce,
Too hard for woman's tears?"

The knight replied—
" O cease to chide,
Such is the soldier's fate;
To love, to you,
To honour due,
The debt I'll compensate.

" Let the Moors claim,
This earthly frame;
I hasten at their call;
Yet still with thee
My soul shall be,
Of love th' obedient thrall."

In din of fight,
Thy faithful knight
Thy name shall still repeat;
When war is sped,
And foes are fled,
Again I'm at thy feet."

- GUY.

AMBITION.

WHEN bright Ambition first displayed her charms,
Those charms so luring to each mortal eye,
With prostrate knee and with uplifted arms,
We bow devoted to her deity;
Not one reflects—her smile is so beguiling—
How mid-day frowns may cloud that early smiling.

H. N.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, AND MARSHAL DE BASSOMPIERRE.

It has been the fashion of late years, in order perhaps to throw a shade upon the lustre of monarchs of more modern date, to exalt the character of Henry IV. of France, above the level of human perfection. His vices have been passed over, and his virtues blazoned forth, with all the excess of admiration. In the accounts of the French Revolution it may be seen that, on the first rising of the storm, his name and memory were held in honour by those who were not in general friendly to kings; and it was not until the malignant fury of democracy had attained its greatest violence, that he was involved in the infamy, to which all those were devoted, who had been dignified with the title of sovereign. But let his character be impartially considered, and it must be confessed that, although he had great and splendid qualities, and was by nature generous and humane, yet like others who have not sought to check their passions, and obtain that self-command which is necessary to steady perseverance, even in those virtues, to which the disposition is naturally inclined, he could at times be unjust, ungenerous, and selfish in the highest degree. For proof of this, the memoirs of Marshal de Bassompierre may be referred to. A work which, although written in rather barbarous French, and containing many anecdotes, which reflect honour, neither upon himself nor the court of France yet at the same time affords many others, which selected from the rest might yield both amusement and instruction.

Marshal de Bassompierre was the eldest son of Christophe de Bassompierre, and Louise le Picard de Radival; and grandson of Francois de Bestein, a younger son, but descended from the family of Bestein, a branch of the ancient house of Ravensburg, in Germany; and who inherited from his grandmother, Alix de Baudricourt, eldest sister of Marshal de Baudricourt governor of Provence and Burgundy, considerable estates in Lorraine. Christophe, the father of Marshal de Bassompierre, had been sent in his early youth as an hostage to Paris, Francois de Bestein having been compelled by the French king, Henry II., on that monarch's invasion of Lorraine, to agree to banish himself from that country for life, and to give up his youngest son as a pledge for his

performing the agreement. The account of this invasion is unnecessary here, and in Marshal de Bassompierre's memoirs is blended with many historical inaccuracies. To France, however, Christophe was sent, and brought up with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Charles IX.; whose favour he gained to so great a degree, that after he was at liberty to return to his family, he remained, excepting two years that he served in Hungary, in the French service. He seems to have merited the regard of his bigotted master, for he was very useful to him in his wars against the Protestants; and after a treaty was signed with them, he returned to Paris, and remained there during the massacre of St. Bartholomew; when, it is supposed, he acquitted himself with great zeal and activity against the unhappy victims of bigotry; for he appeared afterwards higher than ever in favour with Charles, who, at his request, united him with Louise le Picard de Radival, niece to the Marshal de Brissac, and heiress to considerable property, in opposition to the wishes of her relations, and of the Lady herself; who disliked him because he was poor, a foreigner, and a German. Bassompierre gives a long account of his father's adventures, but it is sufficient to mention here, that Theodoric, son of Maximilian, uncle to Christophe, dying without sons, he became possessed of the estates of Bestein, in addition to those in Lorraine, which he had already succeeded to upon the death of his two elder brothers; and when Henry IV. ascended the throne of France, he retired to Lorraine, founded a convent at Nancy, and died in the year 1596.

Francois de Bassompierre, afterwards Marshal of France, and Colonel of the Swiss Guards, was born, as he informs us, in the year 1575, in Lorraine, and being christened a few days after, was held at the font by Charles, of Lorraine, John, Count of Salms, Marshal of Lorraine, and Diane Dammartin, Marchioness of Havray. When arrived at an age to judge for himself, he resolved to enter into the service of France; and set out for that country, accompanied by his mother and the rest of his family, in 1598. He was first introduced into the notice of Henry IV. by performing, with eleven other noble youths, a masked ballet before him. After the dance was over, he was presented to the king, whose favour he speedily acquired, and always retained, although their friendship had nearly been broken asunder by the fair daughter of Mont-

morency, constable of France, which leads me to the anecdote alluded to in the beginning of this article. Montmorency was much attached to Bassompierre, and had shown a steady regard for him ever since he had been at the court of France. One day, when by special invitation he went to dine with him, he found a select number of friends appointed to meet him. After they had dined, and orders had been given that no one should interrupt their conversation, the Constable de Montmorency recapitulated, with becoming piety, the blessings he had received, in having been conducted by heaven through a long life to the highest honours, employments, and dignities; and in having been enabled to surmount the calamities with which it had been chequered. He then mentioned that the marriages of his two elder daughters had not been productive of happiness, but that he had been blest in his old age with a son of great hope and promise, and a daughter who was now of proper age to be married, and that he had sought to provide a match for her, conformable to her inclinations and his own. "And although," (said the good old man) "I might have chosen among the princes of France, I have not sought so much to place her in eminence, as in comfort; and that we might live the rest of our days in joy, and content. And the consideration I have long had for the family, person, estates, and other advantages which birth has bestowed upon Monsieur de Bassompierre, has induced me to offer to him, who does not expect it, what others of higher rank would sue to obtain. This I have chosen to do in the presence of these my best friends, who are his also." Then addressing the object of his choice in the kindest manner, praising the goodness of his heart, which he makes no doubt will render his daughter happy, and hinting to him that he will of course feel honoured in espousing a daughter, and granddaughter, of a constable of France, and of the house of Montmorency, he proceeds to state that he will give his daughter a hundred thousand crowns on her marriage, and that she would have fifty thousand crowns more upon the death of his brother; and that if there did not arise any thing on the part of Bassompierre to prevent the union, he would give orders immediately to treat with his mother relative to the necessary articles and agreements.

I will now give Bassompierre's answer in his own words, taking the liberty of abbreviating them when he is too prolix in his decla-

rations of gallantry and gratitude. "He had tears of joy in his eyes when he finished this discourse, and I, confused with this unexpected honour, knew not what words to make use of worthy the sentiments I had to express to him. At last I replied, that so great an honour, and one so far beyond my hopes, as that which his goodness now bestowed upon me, took from me all speech, and left me only the power of wondering at my happiness. That all I had to offer was a heart entirely devoted to his wishes, and he would not so much bestow a husband upon his daughter, as a vassal by whom she would be ever adored as a princess, and revered as a queen; and that he had not chosen a son-in-law, but a servant, whose whole conduct should be governed by his will and pleasure, and that if in the excess of my joy, there remained to me any sense of reflexion, I would demand permission to declare to him my only apprehension, which was, that Mademoiselle de Montmorency would regret giving up the rank of princess, of which she might reasonably be assured, to occupy a less exalted rank, and that I would rather die and lose the present favour, than give her the slightest uneasiness. On this I knelt on one knee before him, and kissed his hand. He held me in a long embrace, and then told me that I need not be anxious on that account, for that, before he had spoken to me, he had sounded the inclinations of his daughter, who was always disposed to obey his will, especially in this instance, which was not disagreeable to her." The Duke d'Epemon, Monsieur de Roquelaure, and the rest who were present, approved of the Constable de Montmorency's choice, and embraced and congratulated the object of it. It was first agreed that the affair should be kept secret, because the Constable was not then in favour with the king, from having refused his consent to the union of his son with Mademoiselle de Verneuil, the illegitimate daughter of Henry. In the evening Bassompierre was presented to his mistress, and her aunt, the Duchess d'Angouleme. The next day his mother was introduced, and the marriage articles signed by the parents of the parties. The Constable could not at this time bear his intended son-in-law to be absent from him, and only thought of the establishment of his fortune. "He wished," says Bassompierre, "that, of the money he was going to give me, I should employ fifty thousand crowns to obtain the appointment of commander of the light horse, which the Duke de'Angouleme had

held; but my mother offered to give the fifty thousand crowns, on condition that the Constable, instead of the hundred thousand crowns promised, should give the estate of *Fere*, in *Tartenois*, which should be settled on *Mademoiselle de Montmorency*, and her children, to which he agreed." He then desired *Bassompierre* to come privately to *Chantilly*, where the marriage should be concluded without delay, or farther ceremony; but *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, who was trying every method to reconcile *Henry* with the Constable, and who, like many other peace-makers, gave it as his opinion that, if he married his daughter to any one without consulting the king, it would be an act of disrespect, which would incense him still more; and that he would also be much displeased with *Bassompierre* for concealing his marriage; and as he had a short time before desired to make him gentleman of the chamber, in place of the *Duke de Bouillon*, and had promised to give him twenty thousand crowns to help him to recompense that nobleman, who demanded a large sum for resigning his employment, it would be very imprudent to provoke his majesty; who, *Monsieur de Roquelaure* observed, would be glad of a pretext for withholding the money he had promised. Which considerations influencing *Bassompierre*, and *Montmorency* yielding to his opinion, he by desire of the latter, who did not at that time appear at court, agreed to make the proposal to the king in presence of *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, who was to say that he also requested his permission on the part of the Constable, which was done the same evening; and his majesty was so well satisfied, that he said he not only approved of the match, but that in consideration of it, he would be reconciled to *Montmorency*, and that he might go immediately and tell him from himself, that he would call upon him the next day, being assured he should meet with a kind reception. "Immediately," says *Bassompierre*, "the report of my marriage spread throughout the court; and the king, to oblige me, determined to go to the *Duchess d'Angouleme*, after having seen the Constable, to whom he was very gracious. He began by telling the *Duchess* that he was come, as my particular friend, to see her niece, and rejoice with her that she was likely to be so well disposed off; and displayed many other marks of kindness for me. The same night the *Duke de Bouillon* arrived at court, to whom the king immediately spoke of his resignation in my favour. He replied that he was come with that inten-

tion. I paid my respects to him like the others who were present, but forgot next day to call upon him, as I certainly ought to have done, particularly as he was nephew to the Constable. All this irritated him against me; besides he always had a particular jealousy of the Duke d'Epemon, by whom he suspected this marriage had been planned, and the next night, as he conversed with the king, who the evening before had seen Mademoiselle de Montmorency at the queen's, where every one had thought her a perfect beauty, and his majesty among the rest, he told him he was astonished he would permit this young lady to be disposed of, as the Prince de Condé was of proper age to marry; that it would not be expedient to ally him out of France, and that there was no other unmarried lady for him in the kingdom, but Mademoiselle de Mayenne. That the king would never be advised by any one who loved his service to unite him to her, because the remains of the league were still too powerful to be increased with such a leader; and that the prince's marriage with Mademoiselle de Montmorency would not add to his allies, he being already nephew to the Constable; and that he most humbly besought his majesty to weigh the counsel which he had given him. The king promised to reflect upon what he had said, and then retired." The next day one of the courtiers, no less a personage than the master of the horse, who it seems was in the habit of admiring every thing new, and had been particularly struck with Mademoiselle de Montmorency, infused into the already wavering mind of Henry, the passion which afterwards made him commit so many extravagancies. Unfortunately for the king, he was at the same time seized with a fit of the gout, which confined him to his bed for more than fifteen days, and unluckily for poor Bassompierre, the Constable was attacked with the same complaint, which prevented the intended nuptials from immediately taking place at Chantilly. The evil intentions of the Duke de Bouillon against him, on account of real or supposed neglect, continued in full force, and he endeavoured to induce the Prince de Condé to wish for a union with Mademoiselle de Montmorency, saying, that this was the only opportunity he could have of marrying, as the king would never suffer him to ally himself out of France, and that in France there was no other match for him but Mademoiselle de Mayenne, to which his majesty would never give his permission. By these argu-

ments he prevailed upon the prince to consent that he should make proposals from him to the Constable. The latter faithful to his promise to Bassompierre, who had warned him of the offer, sharply replied, that his daughter was already engaged, and that he had the honour of being great uncle to the prince, which perfectly contented him.

(To be continued in our next.)

A NEW COMPANY.

"I have ventured

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders."

HENRY VIII.

"Methinks it should now be a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration."

OTHELLO.

It has been, not unjustly remarked, that this may be demonstrated "if not the age of improvement, the age of novelty and speculation," and I really think that any one who attentively considers the state of things at the present crisis, will arrive at the same conclusion; unless indeed the musing meditator chance to be the unhappy holder of unsaleable Poyais Bonds, and other trash, which induces him, against an inward conviction, to resolve the fact otherwise. That the happiness of mankind has had little weight in the establishment of speculations formed and tortured by a popular frenzy is, I think certain, unless indeed from this rule I except certain Fish and Fowl Companies, by which the grosser particles, the mere flesh and blood, the body corporate, have been *promised* great advantages, at present realized only by *Scrip* Shares at a great reduction of value. The fact was really this, the *sitting* director of the Fish Company, did not choose to walk to Billingsgate to purchase the commodity by which the fortunes of the shareholders were to be made, nor was the chairman of the Fowl Company so great a *goose*, such a "*rara avis*" as to wander through Norfolk in the hopes of purchasing turkies, &c. below par. But this is digression. It is the mind which I particularly mean, no company has been established to call its energies into exercise, or to advance the colossal strides, which intellect is making in this country. Willing to direct the stream of mad speculation in

somewhat like a rational channel—and willing to benefit mankind at large I lay my claim before you.—“ May I, Sir, request your co-operation.” The company I propose to establish, will embrace all the advantages I have named,—it will in a great measure banish crime.

“ Emollet mores nec senet esse feros,”—in short it will renew, if not the age of chivalry, the golden age itself. And what can this mighty engine be which proposes such benefits? It is, Sir, to the formation of a “ Metropolitan Music Company” that I look for such a consummation—a company formed for supplying the inhabitants of this vast metropolis with concords of sweet sounds—and I think you will agree with me, that the present is a most favourable moment for its introduction. Witness the musical taste which is gradually extending itself to every class of the community, from the patrician noble, who revels in its charms in his concert-room, to the plebeian cobbler, and “ harmonious blacksmith,” who delight to hasten to their club, and steep their senses in forgetfulness, to the scrapings of a violin, (I had almost said fiddle,) played by some itinerant musician, witness the recreated savoyards, or the announcements of musical prodigies in almost every street—or again, the necessity which absolutely prevails, that every Miss, whether of high or low degree, should understand the whole *theory of music*—to the prejudice very often of Mr. Lindley Murray, and the sampler of days long gone by. I will ask whether these do not constitute auspices which augur most favourably for the success of my undertaking. One poet has termed Music

“ A Heavenly Sphere-descended maid,

“ Friend of pleasure ; wisdom’s aid.”

Another has beautifully said, that

“ Music has charms to soothe the *savage* breast.”

May I not consequently indulge a hope that Mrs. Fry’s visits to Newgate will be curtailed of their *fair* proportions, and that the calendar will become lighter and lighter, till it ceases to exist altogether. Happy, thrice happy, times! Days desired by a Campbell, a Brougham, and a Birkbeck—days when “ senseless souls, and soulless senses,” shall be no more. But adieu rhapsody, I must descend to plain matter of fact detail, and though in its present infant state, any thing like exactitude would be impossible,—I shall have it in

my power to afford you some slight idea of the means I propose to use for practically proving the advantages of the institution. It has been suggested by a friend of mine, that an application to the Dean and Chapter for the use of St. Paul's, would not be disregarded—we will suppose it attended with success. I would there erect an organ of gigantic proportions, to act by steam, (my readers will doubtless recollect a delightful breeze at the west end of the church-yard, this would suit my wind instruments capitally,) I have fixed on the monument for the *alto*, and the Custom House for the *base* movements; an application would then be made to government for the hire of those public buildings, now in disuetude by Mr. Hume's exertions, in these I would fix the other instruments necessary to complete the over-powering majesty of the whole. These sounds would be conveyed through a main pipe, from which smaller ones would issue for the purpose of supplying the subscribers to the undertaking; by means of a syphon the music is admitted, in a full tide, or a soft and thrilling melody—or is excluded altogether as the will of the party may dictate. The refinement I took occasion to allude to, will gradually occur, the advantages are open to every one, the quantity consumed of course varying the charge—as the *scale* of prices which I shall lay before you in a more advanced stage of the business, will plainly show. The peer for instance, seated in his magnificent saloon, will have sounds wafted to his enthralled and admiring senses, as though by magic impulse. That happy class of the community who patronize scarlet curtains and yellow trimmings, on the first floor—and whose drawing-rooms, 12 feet long by 10 wide, or thereabouts, communicate with folding doors,—will be able to delight their neighbours in the Row, not with a *row*, as formerly raised by the discordant sounds of a violin and flute, but with really delightful music; the mechanic, too, his daily labours over, instead of wallowing in drunkenness and brutality, will sit enraptured while *the company* “discourses most eloquent music,”—in his humble, it is true, but now happy tenements.

With the astonishing and incalculable advantage which, I trust, I have succeeded in making you in some measure sensible of,—it would be unfair to withhold from you the existence of a difficulty which I trust to time, to materially relieve, if not remove altogether. I mean the difficulty of distributing proper tunes to each district, that air

which would sound remarkably well in Park Lane, would possibly be obnoxious to the plodding cits living eastward of the Bar, to render this still more evident, I will lay an example or two of its application to the subject before you. "The soldier tired of war's alarms," would not exactly suit the meridian of the Horse Guards, nor would the venders of *capillary restoratives*, in the shape of bear's grease, &c., delight to have their ears assailed with—"Time has not thinned my flowing locks." To remedy these grievances, I would lay on to the former, "How happy the soldier who lives on his pay," and to the latter, "Money* is your friend." Again, how would Messrs. Murray and Colburn like to hear, "When all the attic fire was fled."—Not much I fear.

But these evils after all are trifling, when compared with the opposite measures I have selected. To the King's Bench I have awarded, "I owe you one."—To the Fives Court and its honourable precincts, "There was a jolly *Miller*."—I propose supplying the Alpha Cottages, Paddington, with "In my cottage near a wood," laid on in the highest story, that being the only point which nature's loveliness, and green-wood trees, are to be discovered. The inhabitants of the Strand will admire, "Down by the river."—And the judaical inhabitants of the eastern regions, "Miss Levi, Miss Rachael, Miss Moses."—Mr. Trotter of Soho Square, as a large consumer, shall have, "Let England be Europe's *Bazaar*," set to tune precisely for his use.—The merchants of Broad Street will rejoice in hearing, "I know a *Bank*."—And "across the *downs* this morning"—and the *artificer* of wearing apparel in the place of the "Devil among the Tailors," shall have, "The British Lion is *my sign*," which will most likely suit his purpose better. But I might go on for ever—from what I have cited you will observe the relative positions of my question. I shall only mention an important by-law of the company,—when I shall leave its fate in your hands, trusting that your philanthropy will induce you to give it all the publicity in your power.

"If a deputation of six respectable inhabitants of any district, using the 6-inch conductor, apply to the secretary, stating their wish to have music adapted for any particular purpose, laid on for that day, that their request be acceded to in conformity."

* Money, a celebrated perrequier and dealer in "Circassia's creams," &c.

By this means ladies and gentlemen of Candlewick and Barbican Wards, wishing to oblige their neighbours with a quadrille, can have their desires gratified, by the proviso I mention.

The insertion of this letter will much oblige me, and I feel convinced that the utility of the Company will even out-run my most sanguine expectations,—that its advantages will not be confined to the present generation, but that it will in future ages be hailed as a most important blessing.

Will the Editor of the “Literary Lounger” refuse to share my laurel crown?

THE THEATRES.

JOE MUNDEN has left us at last,
 Joe Grim, too, that comical fellow,
 And Kean's day of glory is past,
 He's gone where the fevers are yellow.
 Macready and Young do not play,
 I'm sorry so great is my pain,
 But “let every dog have his day,”
 I'll sing of the folks that remain.

Charles Kemble yet stalks on the stage,
 Nor will Egerton “give up the ghost,” Sir,
 Abbot's features were once all the rage,
 Of Drury great Wallack's the boast, Sir;
 There's Cooper, the gentleman, who
 A new reading made in Othello,
 J. Isaacs, the *base* singing Jew,
 And Pearman, whose notes are so mellow.

The Ks, little Keeley and Knight,
 Who in all sorts of merriment revel;
 There's Harley, that fidgetty wight,
 J. Russell, we know, *plays the Devil*.
 There's Fawcett, and Blanchard, whose pride
 Is always your laugh to engage, Sir,

And Warde, who may oft go inside,
But will ne'er reach the *top of the stage*, Sir.

There's Connor, the Irish, and eke
One Pòwer, (the Garden's a gainer,)
Who both the brogue easily speak,
And Yorkshiremen—Sherwin and Rayner.
There's Bartley, and Jones, and Tayleure,
And then we have Williams's many,
And Browne, and George Smith, to be sure,
Fitz-william, who never has any.

There's Dowton, a sterling old man,
Two Bennetts, one Penley, and Gattie;
The notes of a *Horn* you may scan,
Or of *Cooke* take a savoury Patè.
Stiff Liston is going to laugh,
Sure no one will turn a bewailer,
When, at Taverns, your bottle you quaff,
You never were dunn'd by a *Taylor*.

There's Duruset's notes all so sweet,
And one, who'd set laughing a quaker,
Grimaldi, the younger, (a treat,)
And then we have also a Baker.
There's Meadows, I took him for French,
But better I've since understood, Sir,
Tired Elliston takes to the *Bench*,
The *Punch* of that Frenchman is good, Sir.

And if I've forgotten the rest,
Of course I may throw down my pen, Sir,
I dare say you've seen them, at best,
If so, go, and see them again, Sir.
Dear actresses, lovely and bright,
My pen in the next number traces,
So, at present, I wish them good night,
To dream of their sweet pretty faces.

P. T.

THE FAITHLESS ONE.

"Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina——"

VIRGIL.

List to my humble lays, while I unfold
A tale of misery to me, and woe.

I WAS an orphan boy—but one there was
To whom I felt such strict obedience due
As one who had a parent to demand it—
And sure, if gratitude e'er paid a debt,
Mine, must I think, is register'd in heaven;
For, to that period when the boyish look
Begins to ripen into manliness,
It was as true as ever brother felt!

But *then!* how alter'd! Yet, oh! judge me not
Too harshly; for it was not want of love
For him, that caused in me this vile neglect,
But rather (oh, consider well the cause
Before ye blame me!) an excess of it,
Almost approaching to idolatry,
Towards another!——

Oh, she was all perfection! When a smile
Illumined that face of heavenly brilliancy,
I'd not have changed my station at her feet
For all the kingdoms of this nether world!
'Twas heaven itself—I loved and was beloved.
Ecstatic thought! such bliss, such heavenly joy,
None can have felt but those who loved like me!

Affliction now fell heavy on my soul—
My brother died, and left me heir to all
His fortune.—This aroused me to myself,
And now I felt indeed I had a conscience,
Torn by the thoughts of my neglect to him
Who had, when dying, not forgotten me.

But still I loved—that quell'd my raging breast;
That thought alone possessed my inmost soul.

But misery was still in store for me :
I met a rival in my Julia's love !
I was not made for doubt, and trusted still
Her vows of love and lasting constancy—
I trusted still, and trusted but to find
Her vows were false—her constancy was gone !
And I became a wanderer from my home :
Friendless I wandered ; for I could not bear
To live amid the scene of all my woe.
Fortune, indeed, I still possess'd ; but, oh !
What is the wealth of all the eastern Ind
Without a fond, a sympathetic heart,
In which to pour the trivial joys and woes,
That one inhabiting this busy world
Must feel !——

Far distant realms have since been trod by me :
Full listlessly I've crossed the stormy seas,
And pass'd through dangers that I knew not of.
Years have I been confined in slavery,
Deserts I've trod, and famine have I seen,
The hungry have I fed, the naked clothed ;
And I have seen young beauty's tearful eye
Turn'd wistfully to heaven for my sake,
With silent, yet expressive, eloquence.
This have I seen, and this has made me feel
A momentary thrill of happiness—
But though such thrills I've felt, a broken heart,
Like mine, can never, *never* love again.

DRACO.

MENS SIBI CONSCIA RECTI.

WHEN Joseph fled the fair Egyptian's arms,
Unconquer'd by the beauty of her charms,
He walk'd, though naked, through the open space,
For conscious virtue needs no hiding place.

P. T.

THE CRANIOLOGICAL SKULL.

"Croceos odores."—VIRGIL.

In a neat little street, in a neat little town,
 Lived a neat little man, whose cognomen was Brown;
 Now this neat little man had a neat little wife,
 At the same time the comfort and plague of his life;
 A friend too he had—of town surgeons the best,
 Who the Craniological science profess'd—
 Who had gain'd from his knowledge a great deal of FAME,
 And, in consequence, PROPERTY—Green was his name.
 Poor Brown was no genius, his mind was quite turn'd
 By hearing Green's *heady* discussions, he burn'd
 To become, like his friend, a phrenologist quite,
 And craniological essays to write;
 To be brief, all his study and time he devoted,
 And miss'd nothing, in aught that those studies promoted;
 And now not a caput was e'er to be seen
 But 'twas quickly examin'd by Brown and by Green—
 They, as once they had stopp'd to converse on the way,
 Were o'ertaken by Mr. Phrenologist Grey,
 Who hop'd he might soon introduce to their sight
 A craniological friend, Mr. White;
 Mr. White called soon after, was proud to be known
 As the friend of a man so much noted as Brown.

Soon after this league of attachment was made,
 Mr. Brown's better half in confinement was laid;
 What raptures were felt by the neat little man
 When the skull of his child he in fancy would scan!
 What joy did he feel when the nurse, with a grace,
 Held the child to receive the paternal embrace!
 How surpriz'd was the unphrenological dame,
 When she near to the four craniologists came,
 Mr. Brown, Mr. Green, Mr. White, Mr. Grey,
 All seiz'd on the baby and bore it away!

* * * *

With rapid glances o'er its pate,
 They read the infant's future fate;
 Here rose the organ high in air
 That perseverance would declare,
 And here (than which all bumps were less)
 The organ of conceptiveness,
 Imagination, too, was there,
 And charity began to appear,
 The bump of wit, the lump of sense,
 The rising mound of eloquence—
 According to its "*Pa's*" inspection,
 All that would make the child perfection—
 But how shall I express the spleen
 That now was felt by Brown and Green?
 And how shall I express the spite
 Of fate, that touch'd both Grey and White?
 When, dire misfortune! there, full clear,
 Did to their wond'ring eyes appear—
 (A scene that caused such grievous woe)
 "What? death or murder's organ?" No!
 But (if't be possible) a thing still worse—
 So bad, indeed—it made them call the nurse!

DRACO.

 CHRISTMAS.

THAT Christmas is not what it used to be, is an observation as general as it is true; but the reasons for this change vary as much as the season itself has done. Some are willing to attribute it to the cant of the saints and Bobby Wilson's Spanish campaign. The greater part, however, agree in thinking that it is caused by the banishment of their national dance (as they term it, since they have mistaken its derivation) and the introduction of the elegant quadrille. Instead of being content to hop through a country dance to a piano, thrummed by the *blushing* fingers of one of the party; professional men are now introduced, with two fiddles—I beg pardon, violins I mean—and a harp. From this arise more inconveniences than are at first supposed; if musicians are to be engaged, the party must be

planned for several days previous to their meeting, which gives time for Formality to prepare for her appearance among them. At her entrance, Sociability withdraws, and leaves the room to her train of antiquated virgins; or as the Scholiast hath it, Old Maids. Papas too grumble at the additional expence of a Dancing Master to teach the young ancle how to turn to the greatest advantage; but this is not all—"for the musicians call out French names for the figures, you know Pa," says Polly, the eldest—"and we can't understand e'm, you know, Pa," says Julia, the second—"and that's so very awkward, you know, Pa," says Amelia, the third—"and looks so very vulgar, you know, Pa," squeaks Floretta, the youngest—"that you see, Pa, we really must learn French," say all four together, in a high treble. This blow, as dreadful as unexpected, almost staggers the good cit, but fashion must be attended to, and therefore they shall go for *one* quarter.

The pleasantest Christmas I ever spent, was about twelve years since, when honest men were content to be honest men and aimed at nothing beyond their own sphere. On the 25th December 1812, I dined at the house of one Mr. Jenkins, a man as *good* on Change as in his own house. His wife presided at the table in all the pride of a matron with her plum pudding before her, and family around her; regarding both with equal pleasure, as each was the fruit of her labour, and objects of her pride and pleasure. To praise the pudding was my part—to eat, that of the girls—and we both did our duty to admiration. After dinner we adjourned to the back-parlour, where we met the Hopkins's, Wilkins's, and several other of their kinsfolk; as soon as the tea was discussed, several games were proposed, and Blind Man's Buff received most votes. I was forced into the service, being a goodnatured old bachelor, although I should have preferred sitting with my friend and his wife, on one side of the fire-place, and enjoying the scene before me. When tired of laughing at this game, others were proposed, and "Hunt the Slipper" was selected, and played with the greatest spirit—of this I can only say "Let those laugh that win." Between the acts we were refreshed with cake and wine, and at the drop of the curtain, that we might end with *spirit*, Snap-dragon entered, like the devil in Freischutz, in all the horrors of flame and fire. The evening is now considered at an end,—not so in fact,—the best fun still remained, at the door there

hung a branch of misletoe, and every girl must "pay the turnpike." The young* ladies blushed and hesitated; the "elderly young ladies" simpered and pressed forward.† The one consented, the presented. * * * Coach for the west end—soon at home—and dreamed I should never "see the like again;" and so it is—the sun of England's Christmas is set for ever.

C. K.

IMITATION OF HORACE, B. I. ODE 15.

"Pastor cum traheret," &c.

WHEN through the streets Colossus bore,
In lumb'ring carts, the broken store,
'Twas thus the Genius of the Town,
Lulling the winds, bespoke the clown:
"Ill-omen'd man, the stones you break
Will riot soon, and discord, make!
Petitions sign'd by many a hand
Will seek to reinstate the land.
See! from their stalls the cattle slink,
And e'en at night the hammers clink.
Smooth, as the language o'er thy tongue,
The well-hung carriage glides along,
The strong and active 'scape unhurt,
The lame are levell'd with the dirt.
In vain, though by the London fair
Supported, you will persevere,
And talking loudly of expense,
Take the deluded meeting's sense.
What, though you shun the scourging quill
Of the Bull, Times, and Chronicle,

* "For maids in modesty say 'No!' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'Aye!'"

SHAKSPEARE.

† "The elder maidens asked, with smirk and grin,
Wherefore the ravishing did not begin?"

LORD BYRON.

At length, alas! too late, you must
 Mingle your tresses with the dust.
 Look! where Dupree* and Sinnott stand
 With axe and shovel in their hand,
 Kelly, Brice, Meredith appear,
 And contract Johnson forms the rear;
 Who all have gain'd a deathless name
 By wisely *paving roads* to fame.
 As lightly bounds the startled hind
 The wolf-howl heard, nor looks behind,
 O'er your own roads so you shall fly,
 When lords and commons join the cry,
 Then sink t' impenetrable gloom,
 And friends *Macadamize* your tomb.

T. E.

SENSIBILITY.

"Sweet Sensibility, oh! la!
 I heard a little lamb cry, ba!
 Says I, what! have you lost mamma?"

Ah!

"The little lamb, as I said so,
 Frisking about the field did go,
 And, frisking, trod upon my toe!"

Oh!"

[FROM THE HEROINE.]

Nor far from the Thames, now the scene of our stage,
 Where Rowland Hill's chapel appears,
 A young lady resides of romantic age,
 And eke of romantic ideas.

Oh! lovely retirement! how oft art thou quoted
 With such a sweet languishing air!
 And oh! clergymen rural! can ye see her devoted,
 And not ease the heart of the fair!

* Paving Contractors.

And ye men militaire! ye'd be just the right thing,
 With one leg and an arm off the hooks—
 And a fine handsome man with his arm in a sling,
 Dear! how interesting he looks.

Or thus she sighs next—" Oh! how happy her lot
 Where no London vapours can shock her sight,
 In a green shelving vale and a sweet little cot,
 With a church and a churchyard opposite.

With a fond loving youth and a good stock of love,
 And a good stock of nought to maintain 'em;
 What matters! deliciously starving on love!
 For riches! 'twere impious to name 'em.

Oh! fortune! how cruel to plant in a breast,
 Such thoughts so divinely selected!
 Such exquisite notions!—such can't be express'd
 And yet leave them all unperfected!

DRACO.

LETTER

*From Jesswant Sing, Rajah of Joudpore, to Aurenzebe, the fanatical
 and persecuting Successor of the wise and benevolent Akber.*

"YOUR royal ancestor Akber, whose throne is now in heaven, conducted the affairs of this empire in equity and firm security for the space of fifty-two years, preserving every tribe of men in ease and happiness; whether they were followers of Jesus or of Moses, of David or of Mahomed; were they Brahmins, were they of the sect of Dharians, which denies the eternity of matter, or of that which ascribes the existence of the world to chance. They all equally enjoyed his countenance and favour, insomuch that his people in gratitude for the indiscriminate protection which he afforded them, distinguished him by the appellation of 'Guardian of Mankind.' If your majesty places any faith in those books by distinction called Divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all man-

kind, not the God of Mahomedans alone. The Pagan and the Musselman are equally in his presence. Distinction of colours are of his ordination. It is he who gives existence. In your temple to His name, the voice is raised in prayer; in a house of images, where the bell is shaken, still He is the object of adoration. To vilify the religions and customs of other men is to set at nought the pleasure of the Almighty. When we deface a picture we naturally incur the resentment of the painter; and justly has the poet said, 'presume not to arraign or scrutinize the various works of the Power Divine.' "

W. F. C.

REMINISCENCES OF WESTMINSTER.

Hail, memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain.

ROGERS.

Et puer in memori pectore rursus ero.

MUSE ETONENSES.

THERE are many people who take the greatest pleasure in reflecting on the days of their childhood, and I own it is frequently to myself a source of real delight; nor is there any one, I imagine, who does not look back with satisfaction on those years, when the stripling, emerging from the leading strings of the nurse, begins to think and act for himself, leaves the "home department," and goes on "actual service." The world appears like a stage on which comedies are daily acted, nor do we once dream that tragedies are frequently performed. Every thing is new to us; we mix with a vast number about our own age, in itself a little world, look forward to happiness as certainly attainable; and, when engaged in the usual sports, do not envy the greatest potentate on earth. However much we may have disliked school, yet at a distant period of our lives, we dwell with enthusiasm on the many pleasant days we have passed there, and a spell seems thrown around us, that drowns in oblivion any petty misery we may have endured.

Westminster, in particular, has one great advantage over every other place, whether of public or private education,—time, though

it may strengthen the acquaintance of the boy into the firm-knit friendship of the man, never allows it to cool, and so effectually eradicates dislike, that meet your most bitter enemy a few years after, you are immediately greeted with a smile of recognition, and the eagerly extended hand bespeaks that all is forgiven. Here, too, the young nobleman is taught to lay aside his aristocratical principles; that his title will not screen him from the resentment of one whom he has injured, and that honour is to be acquired only by the exertion of his mental and bodily faculties.

I was lead into this train of reflection by revisiting lately those scenes, and passing over that ground, which, but a few years before, I daily trod. All remained exactly the same as I had left it; reform had not dared to lay its innovating finger on the smallest spar, and memory traced with delight spots rendered sacred by connection with youthful sports, and early associations. There was the pimp, that in the heat of summer afforded potations more grateful than those distilled from the clustering grape; the tree still reared its majestic head towards heaven, overshadowing with its branches the seat on which I had so often studied; the schoolboys, whose very souls seemed engaged in the active sports of the moment, poised themselves in air, on the lofty pole, or hurried the bounding foot-ball to its destined goal. I could not forbear stopping some moments to look at them, it recalled so forcibly to my recollection my own exploits, and the pleasure I had once taken in the same amusements. Some of those who had moved with me through those delightful scenes were now ploughing the distant billows, or actively preparing themselves to serve their country at home; whilst others, doomed to an early death, had long since gone "to that bourne whence no traveller returns."

Let me beg a few seconds from those rigid critics, who may think their time wasted with trifles such as these, and entreat them to bear with me, whilst I hasten to pay my humble tribute to the memory of the ill-fated John Moore. He was nephew to the gallant general, whose name he bore, and whom he strongly resembled, both from the generous frankness of his countenance, and the fire of his eye; he seemed, like his glorious ancestor, born to be a soldier; but death has blighted his abilities in the bud, and withheld the laurels with

which the glowing imaginations of youthful friends had so fondly shadowed his brow -

"Heu! miserande puer.....
Manibus date lilia plenis:
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
 His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Munere."

In a short time, however, the boarding-house bells gave the signal for locking up, and the play-ground, which had recently presented such a busy scene, crowded by a crew of merry fellows, the loud sounds of whose voices were re-echoed by the adjoining cloisters, was entirely deserted; but the subsequent silence seemed for some time so unnatural, that I really regretted the absence of their almost deafening noise. Having watched them, as they moved slowly along the terrace, and one by one entered the *lock-up house*, I passed through the low gateway, that leads to Little Dean's Yard, leaving on my left the portal raised by that eminent architect Inigo Jones. Never shall I forget my sensations on first mounting these steps, conducted by the late Rev. Mr. Dodd, whom I esteem for his literary attainments, and social virtues; "I love him, too, with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster."

I had previously figured to myself a room moderately capacious, but elegantly furnished,—what was my surprise on discovering its vast length, bare wooden forms, and walls disfigured, as I then thought, by names painted in every direction. My opinions, however, on this subject, are now completely changed: I perceive the utter uselessness, and, in fact, impropriety of gaudy furniture, and splendid accommodation, in such an establishment: and use has rendered them so familiar, that I would not have the names removed, although the best Genoa velvet were to replace them. It has often indeed, been a source of proud satisfaction, that my own, over the sixth, will descend to posterity, by the side of those of some of the first men of this country. Who knows, but a century or two hence, some playful urchin, in "capping names," may select it to aid his cause, when the humble individual who bore it, shall have long since passed away, and been forgotten, or (*si stat nominis umbra*),

deemed happy in having been contemporary at Westminster with some great poet or statesman. To tread the ground hallowed by the step of Dryden, and learn upon the form, where his name, traced by *his own hand*, still remains, which even the thoughtless schoolboy would think sacrilege to efface; to walk in the precincts of a school endowed by the liberality of Elizabeth, and dignified by the learning of a Busby, and a Camden, has such a thrilling effect upon my frame, as no other earthly gratification can produce. Nor in my summary of great men, who have presided over, or emanated from, this place, must I forget to mention Cowper, Lord Mansfield, the illustrious Locke, Barton Booth, the finest actor of his day, and thine "O Rare Ben Jonson."

Impressed with such feelings, I, according to my usual custom at this period of the year, visited St. Peter's College on the 7th, 14th, and 19th of December, to witness the representation of Terence's *Andria*. There is something so exquisitely touching, and perfectly natural, in the language of this comedy, that it is impossible to read it without acknowledging at once the skill of the poet, and his extensive acquaintance with human nature. Who will ever forget those beautiful lines in the first act, where Simo describes the funeral of Chrysis, and the discovery of his son's affection for Glycerium.

.....funus interim
 Proccedit: sequimur: ad sepulcrum venimus.
 In ignem imposita est: fletur. Interea hæc soror,
 Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentius,
 Satis cum periculo: ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
 Bene dissimulatum amorem et celatum indicat:
 Accurrit: mediam mulierem complectitur:
 Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? curte is perditum?
 Tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneret,
 Rejecit se in eum, *flens, quam familiariter.*

This passage, and Pamphilus' account of his last interview with Chrysis, are truly pathetic, and contain beauties which cannot be infused into a translation. In the original they strike immediately upon the heart with a force that time can never obliterate, rivetting at once the attention of youth, and commanding the sympathy of

age. Colman has certainly done more justice to our author than any other translator; his blank verse is dignified without stiffness, and easy without flippancy; but, from the very nature of the language, he was obliged to lengthen out his phrases, whilst Terence writes with all the elegance and delicacy of Virgil, joined to the "pregnant brevity of Tacitus."

The play was well acted; Dunlop, in particular, was very happy in his representation of Simo, as was Heath of Davus, and the drawling tones of Lesbia were admirably spun out by Sutherland; the rest of the characters were supported with effect. Every word was delivered in a clear and gentlemanly manner; the points were all given with great precision; and, upon the whole, it could scarcely have been better performed by the Roman actors themselves, than it was by these juvenile aspirants to the sock and buskin.

WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

THE ROSE AND THE MYRTLE.

(IN A PORCELAIN VASE.)

OH! the ardour of love is portrayed by the rose,
And the branch of the myrtle its constancy shows;
Then if roses and myrtles denote love and truth,
Let the rose-bud be added an emblem of youth:
But the vase that contains them is brittle and frail,
And denotes that all three, alas! quickly may fail.

CARLO.

TO A DULL AUTHOR,

WHO BOASTED THAT HIS WORK WOULD BE IMMORTAL.

IMMORTAL truly this thy work shall be,
Fraught, as it is, with dull stupidity!
For death can surely never end the strife
Of any thing, that has no spark of life.

X. X.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE.

THERE is a race of people called the Chinese. Now, I hear a hundred and one of my readers—for I like to be exact in numbers—exclaiming, “well, what of them! we have heard of them! we know them! every fool knows them!” I did not dispute your knowledge; but, let me ask you what you know of them. Nothing further, you will say, than that they wear long twisted pig-tails, have crippled feet wives, orange coloured faces, and big breeches. Then, I answer, if you know all this, you know nothing. Do you know aught of their language, their melodies, their music, their gongs, their swashque and pig-wig? O, by my conscience! master reader, thou oughtest to blush for putting out a traveller when he was about to translate for your amusement a bundle of Chinese. But make the only atonement I will receive by holding your tongue, and, in exchange for your silence, I will present you with as many specimens of their language as your memory shall be able to retain.

I am a traveller, but not one of your moderns, although I live in this modernized age. I do not scamper over the country between the closed windows of a post-chaise, or catch glimpses while hurried along as outside passenger of a day or night coach. No; I am a walking Stewart, one of those who, having a tolerable *understanding* to make use of, are not ashamed to travel on foot, and I wish others, who have, I dare say, equally good *supporters* as myself, would try my plan of journeying with their ten toes, as it is not only conducive to health, but at the same time it keeps up Adam's old profession of a walking gentleman, for I defy any one to show that our common father kept any kind of vehicular machine. For my part I was always fond of roaming, even from my boyhood, though I could never fancy the Rambler, but taste for walking and books are two very differing things. Many a time have I suffered for *playing* truant—as they called it at school—when I was only indulging my propensity. In truth I had a truant disposition, and punished or not, it was all the same to me, for as sure as a fine day and a new sight met together, my absence was remarked. Was there a bull-bait, a fight, wrestling bout, smock race, kiss in the ring, or cricket-match in our village, I was at the sport. Often, when my friends have been aware that there was to be a game at duck apple, have they watched

me to school, and as often have I deceived them,—by being found at the “sprees,” notwithstanding they imagined I was seen into school. Innate as this rambling disposition seemed to be, one would have thought my father had been a stroller, but such was not the case; he was a worthy man and dealt in malt, and did much good in his time, for which he doubtless had his reward in the blessings that were always coupled with his name whenever the villagers spoke of him. But days of my youth, ye are over and gone, and a green old age now rests upon my shoulders, which, considering the wandering life I have led, is not so irksome as I had in my youth supposed.

Grown up to the time that they usually apprentice boys, my father wished to make me a lawyer, but I could not relish being confined to a desk; it reminded me of my school-boy days when I had often been tied to the leg of a form to prevent my escaping to a neighbouring wake. Left at last to myself I would be out-door clerk in a merchant's warehouse, knowing thereby I should be constantly on the move as a bill deliverer. Here I was happy though frequent were my rowings for dallying in the streets, to view any thing new in the book-shops, or for going out of my way on purpose to see the exhibition of a tall giant. I could tell any corner in London where there was an apple-stall, or a man who sold mutton pies, for I was none of your travellers who hurry themselves, but took every thing coolly, and recollected what I once observed. My business was in the streets—I could almost tell the last time Fleet-street was scavengered, and indeed, from so much out-door work, I became a regular *street walker*.

I was to be out of my time on the 1st of January, and, if I acted and finished my errands briskly, was to retain my situation at an advanced salary. Unfortunately for me in that year the Serpentine river was frozen, and, instead of delivering the bills as expeditiously as I had promised, I used to bend my course to the river with a pair of skates in my pocket, deliver my bills at leisure, seldom returning to office until all the clerks had left. The day that was to set me free arrived, and, owing to the skating affair, I was discharged from their service. I went to my aunt until I should hear of another situation. How often did I envy the two-penny postman his waste of shoe-leather. How often have I longed for the lobster

coloured coat of his superior the general, that I might also be authorised to deliver letters. You see I always desired to be a man of letters, though few like me are so willing to be called *the post*.

While I was place-hunting, the spirit of my father fled from his malt-house, and I was left my own master with a considerable property. Now was the time to indulge my predilection. I, like other fools, began with the stage, but dropped it for the more pleasing plan of walking, so that I could ruminate my fill and regulate my pace according to the tenor of my thoughts, or the distance I had to roam ere I reached a house of entertainment. In the garb of a common soldier I travelled through the principality of Wales, and in that of sailor, through the land of the Thistle, nor did I ever feel ashamed at having put on his majesty's livery in order to travel through his dominions. I saw the Giant's Causeway while munching some bread and cheese, and entered Wokey Hole while peering a turnip. I was above nothing, it is not fitting in a traveller to be nice in his appetite, who should put up with what he can get, and if his fare happens to be better than usual, his surprise will be the more agreeable.

Having seen all that was seeable in our own fair isle, I determined upon visiting other climes, and with a tidy recommendation to begin with, I sailed out for China, intending to make all possible observation as to the state of their learning, as well as to pick up the meaning of those queer looking characters, which, I was told in my boyhood, was Chinese writing.

How sadly has this nation been neglected, but for supplying us with tea no one would care a fig about them. It is really too bad to leave a very genteel set of people in such comparative obscurity with the rest of the world, but for those niddy noddy things in the grocer's shops we should never see an *image* of them, while the faces of the blacks are permitted to shine in every house that contains civilized people. It is stark ingratitude when we are so fond of their vases, pots and rough edged plates, to leave the makers to fish for themselves because we believe they are an ignorant people, and can only make *plate* for the Ton, a silversmith does no more, and yet he is not deemed perfectly savage; but then he is not a foreigner, and that makes all the difference. Would the Chinese, instead of sitting cross-legged, come to England and stand upon their heads in

one of our theatres, people would not only flock to see them, but great would be their gain. However, they hold their heads above this and are consequently neglected.

But to my translations, since I have no right to be thus digressive. My first visit in China was to the house of Chim Chow, one of the Hong merchants, to whom I had a recommendatory letter. He was talking to his lawyer, and beckoning me to sit down, I squatted myself on the floor as well as I was able. Having some knowledge of their language, acquired from the Captain of our ship, who, from frequent trading with them, was somewhat of a proficient, I was able to understand that the lawyer said, "Chim Chow, brief fee, O, law! O, cry! quiz," and that my friend equally deep answered, "Hum! two pound pay down, tippery no more, queered!" I dare say you do not believe it, but, upon the *veracity* of a traveller, this is lawful Chinese. Shortly after this the man of the law departed, and my friend invited me to a sort of party in another room consisting of several brother Hongs, who were all squatting, which fashion I also followed next to the giver of the feast. Presently a servant presented me a cherry-stick with a china bowl at the end full of shag tobacco, and I quickly discharged as much smoke as the best of them.

We all sat as quiet as a quaker's meeting, and though I was a stranger, I was not particularly noticed. At length a band of women entering, danced a fandango, and I not being much of a smoker, somehow or other suffered my pipe to come in contact with one of the dancer's legs whereby she was thrown. Immediately the smokers bawled out, "Boh!" and the poor girl scampering up, made the best of her way out of the room. I rose to apologize for my clumsiness when conceive my surprise, I received a knock on the head from my friend's cherry-stick, and had my seat pointed to, intimating I was to be seated. I did so, and no long time after this, a man entered with a cup of tea, which he offered to me, at the same time singing the following song, which I have been able to translate; it has a Chinese chorus, and is a favourite since it was written by Fum Bo, one of their celebrated poets.—

How rare and how lovely is *gunpowder* pop!

The best of *bohea* is for sale in my shop,

Then Englishman enter and taste it, and say,

"Menouing ching chouing souchongee twankay."

O! sweet are the kisses of yellow chumkee,
 And pale looking *Quizby* of lofty degree,
 But the kiss of the tea-cup thrills through you to-day,
 "Menouing ching chouing souchongee twankay."

Pretty *Bumbo*, who sure is the choicest of cooks,
 Though China all over, and *Pekin* her looks,
 While dishing the *hyson* ends each roundelay,
 "Menouing ching chouing souchongee twankay."

Hysongee, souchongee, black congo, bohea,
 Shumfumbo, all humbo, will suit to a T,
 Tea-cuppo, saucero, and china from clay,
 "Menouing ching chouing souchongee twankay."

The singer was accompanied on the gong by an unseen musician in an inner apartment, and the whole had a very beautiful effect. I cannot give you expressly the tune, but I remember hearing something like it when travelling through Wales. The song I allude to had English words and a Welsh chorus which signified "Cambria to Cambria would ever be true," and is perhaps well known to those conversant in the melodies of that principality. After this, coffee was served round to myself and the Hongs, and a pretty—by which you will understand a long-faced, chin pointed, dim-eyed—Chinese danced with a tambour. When she had concluded, I really heard a tidy sort of a song from another female; it went somewhat to the tune of the "*Bard's Legacy*," and was accompanied by the singer on the swashqueue, an instrument of which other travellers have taken no notice, but which, it is my intention one day to describe. The words were to the following effect:

Arise, yellow Rogers! arise in the morning,
 If you would have your cheeks rosy,
 Step out of bed when the daylight is dawning,
 And gather your lover a posy.
 Breathe o'er the bud a kiss odoriferous,
 Melting the silvery drops of the dew,
 And if, perchance, he admire its fragrance
 Tell him that kiss was breathed by you.

Whoever could have thought that women whose looks put one in mind of yellow jaundice, could preach so much of rosy-coloured

cheeks, kisses, and posy gathering. But it is a warm climate, and they are a susceptible race. It certainly puzzled me to hear a girl talk of melting dew-drops, I was going to accuse her of forging upon *little Moore*, but upon cool consideration I recollected she could know nothing of Irish or Irishmen.

At length, from smoking and tea drinking, one of the company became non compos, and I had then an opportunity of hearing a Chinese joke. The Hong next to him was a large tea grower, and having called for another cup, the non-compos Hong said in Chinese "he did not wonder the *tea grower* drank so much because he was *making tea* all the day." The company relished the joke, and laughed; I did not, for, *entre nous*, I saw nothing to laugh at. Before the company broke up, the non compos Hong became talkative, and sang one of their own peculiar staves, which was not much different to the tune of our English "*Bold Dragoon*." I have translated it, and here it is:

My opium chewing jaws
In the scalding tea I lave,
And in the teapot's cause,
You know I'm ever brave,

With my saucers, jars, and porringers, my ching a ringo fum!

O! I love the scalding tea,

With my how do, fowdle dowlle, tea and turn out, tweedle dum!

At the end of this first verse he became all abroad; his eyes stared wildly, and the cherry-stick fell from his hand, and, in attempting to rise, he overturned a valuable China porridge-pot. Whereat the master of the feast kicked against the floor, when certain yellow-vested servants bore him off to bed. For that day I was disturbed in my collecting the Chinese melodies, but I made good use of my time; and, as I have some other translations in my portfolio, it is probable you will hear from me again.

QUIZ.

THE MINIATURE.

What correspondence can I hold with you
That are so near, yet so distant too.

MATILDA was sitting at a lattice, that commanded an extensive view of picturesque scenery, her jet black hair hung in long ringlets

over her snowy breast: her fascinating figure was reclining upon a silken couch, and her dark expressive eyes were fixed upon a miniature, which she held in her hand. The brilliant rays of the sun were upon the distant hills; the long winding river was lost in the dales, and the birds chirruped sweetly in the groves below; but the beauties of the scenery, and warbling of the feathered race, were lost upon Matilda, she saw no pleasures, no gratification, equal to her miniature. She gazed upon it with rapturous joy, pressed it fervently to her heart, sigh followed sigh, tears glided swiftly over her rosy cheeks, her passion was at its height, and she tremulously impressed a balmy kiss upon the miniature.

C. E.

“THE LITERARY LOUNGER.”

“Turbam non habet otiosorem.”—MART. 10, 11.

While every half-starv'd, hare-brain'd wight,
Who owns a pen must needs too write
His wonderful narrations;
Or whether in the shape of tour
Or town bred novel, wide outpour
The labour'd lucubrations!

Oh! say, shall we, “a brother band,
A happy few,” not lend a hand
To aid a thought so pretty?
Methinks I hear a hundred cry
“I'll join the band, and I, and I”—
The grave, the gay, the witty.

Then welcome! we invite you all
Alike with us to stand or fall,
Nor matters it a tittle
What as your share you bring, or long
Or short, ode, epic, lyric, song—
Or whether much or little.

Then come! the critic's scornful sneer
Is not for us—we'll laugh nor fear

Or buskin, sock, or sandal—

Enough for us, so we but find

Excitement for the ennui'd mind,

Provided 'tis not scandal.

For scandal tho' full well we know

(*Probatum est*) 'tis all the go—

Would put us on a level

With tea-cup gossips, or perchance

With those who homeward bring from France

The precepts of the Devil.*

Our pages, tho' not to the taste

High-season'd, shall at least be chaste

In thought and word and feeling.

Wit, the soul's sparkling bright champagne,

And Verse, its music, there shall reign

Life, love, and lore revealing.

Reviews, the Drama, Poetry,

Shall there be found to court the eye

As haply, prone to slumber,

Some "Literary Lounger" yawns

At breakfast o'er his plate of prawns,

And hails our *second* number.

Dec. 12.

H. B.

UP TO SNUFF.

My Aunt Duggins was a good old soul. Heaven rest her! she is dead. A little bit given to the precise, and a desire to have things in their proper order, natural enough to old maids who die on the wrong side of fifty, but I believe her heart, with all her failings,

* To what other source are we to attribute the dissemination of immoral productions more than to the increased and increasing interchange of sentiments and feelings with the French metropolis.

could not have been better, had it been studded with as many jewels as composed her best party-going necklace. The last time I saw her—ah! it was a strange, uncertain, wavering bout we had—the game was alternately in each other's hands, and I was as near losing a five hundred a year legacy as I well could be. I imagined the will was already drawn up—that lawyer Settle had sealed and signed, and that I had but to sit myself down as one disinherited, and all because I could not conform to the predilection of an aunt, owing to my being educated quite in a different style. I will tell you something about it. "Peter Tomkins," said my mother, "you must visit your aunt Duggins. She is very ill, and cannot live long, and as you are her favourite, you have reasons to expect something. Humour her, she will like you the better for it, but if you fail now you are cut off for ever with a shilling." "Hem!" said I, "I cannot play the hypocrite, but, however she is a good old soul, and I will do all I can towards obtaining her five hundred a year." Accordingly I dressed myself, and vanity apart, looked exceedingly spruce.

My aunt Duggins, like other good souls, had imbibed a strong liking for novels, and I having as strong an antipathy to them, we were very likely to clash in opinions. I do not know how it was, but I disliked books after I left school as much as when at it. I ever had a regard for driving; I suppose my master *whipped* it into me; it might have been innate, or—however I went to see my aunt. It was a dull gloomy day, and I was not in the best of spirits, while the old lady was reading the Sorrows of Werter, which, after giving me a blessing and a pinch of snuff, she turned to again, and suddenly exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah! poor girl." "What is the matter with her, aunt?" inquired I. Mrs. Duggins stared, and answered, "why, have you not read her?" "O, no," said I, "she is German, and I never had a penchant for those people." If she stared before, she now rolled her eyes so wildly, and in so terrific a manner, that, being the dog days, I began to look for my hat. However, she eased my alarm by suddenly bursting forth with, "Pray, are not our royal family Germans? O, Peter, Peter! your education has been sadly neglected." I told her I did not think so, and *how* that I had a very pretty new coat, for I

wanted to get her out of her novels. She peused for a while, and then said, "Ah! very flash, but very low." I thought she meant the Sorrows of Werter, for I was unwilling to believe the compliment was intended for my bran new duck hunter.

At length, to my supreme gratification, she began to talk sense, and we discussed the state of the weather and Lady Pokin's last rout in almost the same breath. Then came, "My dear Peter, is not Maturin a *divine* fellow?" "Yes," said I, "I believe him to be a *clergyman*, but have not the pleasure of his acquaintance." "What! not read Melmoth, Women, Albigenses, Bertram? Why you know nothing of literature: you must be a horrid *low* fellow." I told her "she was mistaken, because I was nearly *six feet high*." "Well, I suppose then you have seen *Tremaine*?" I, thinking she meant the hatter in the Strand, answered, "O, yes, I bought that hat of him which hangs in the hall." My heavens! how she raged. I was a Hottentot, a very savage. But I was even worse than these, when on her questioning me about a line in *Little's Poems*, I said, I did not like *short* things. This was indeed a staggerer, the most unlucky thing I could have spoken, for it appeared she did like small things, small talk, scan mag, and Bob *Short's* abbreviation of Hoyle. I now saw I was completely *out of her books*, I felt convinced that five hundred a year was no *longer* mine, because of the unfortunate Poems. It was all up with me, when I should have quoted, I had no *Moore* to say, and I was determined to smoke short cut, as we have at our club when obliged to leave in a hurry.

Seeing I had but to make my bow by way of exit, as my education was neglected, and I was not fit company for my aunt, I brushed up my hair to consider if I really had not read some book, but none would my lucky stars put into my mind, and being set down as a very Goth, I offered my snuff box, and was about to depart, saying, "Aunt, will you have a pinch?" The old lady gazed, took the box, and said, "a charming and a real mull, I declare. Well, snuff taking is a gentlemanly habit, and I like you the better for it." She then took a pinch, pausing with satisfaction. She thrust the whole of two pinches successively up her nasal organ, exclaiming, "Peter, what do they call this? where do they sell it?" This *was* something *novel* to her, and I answered, "It was Hard-

ham's 37." She sent her servant for two pounds, and the next day made her will, leaving me the five hundred a year. Gentlemen, you see how I was *served at a pinch*. If you would make all right with your aunts ere they make it up with the world, by all means be up to *snuff*.
P. T.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."

WHEN Friendship first to man was giv'n,
An olive branch she bore,
And the fair delegate of Heav'n
A woman's semblance wore ;
Her voice was bliss—her step was free—
Her home—the home of liberty—
Her image to adore,
Ten thousand votaries were known
To pay their homage at her throne.

And many a pilgrim on her shrine,
Their grateful offerings laid,
And strove with honours half divine
To deify the maid :

And soon, through all the smiling earth,
Her way was mark'd with songs of mirth,

And many a fragrant braid :
And sacred was the slightest thing
That came as—Friendship's Offering.

Go, little book, and this impart—

To her, I thee consign ;
Tell her, within my inmost heart

I wear a hallow'd shrine,
Where Friendship's purest, brightest flame,
Sheds a bright lustre round her name,

And consecrates the line.
Go—borne on Hope's untir'd wing,
My fairest—Friendship's Offering !

Go, little book, and tell her too,
 Though small thy value be,
 Thou bear'st a gem in Friendship's view,
 That's call'd—Sincerity;
 The lapse of time cannot impair
 That jewel ever bright and fair,
 Or dim its brilliancy;
 Go, go— and may these lines I sing
 Adorn my—Friendship's Offering!

AUTHORSHIP.

'Tis hard to say on such a subject more
 Without repeating things said oft before. BUCKINGHAM.

THEY who, possessed of an ample fortune, and careless about posthumous honors, sit by a comfortable study fire, reading and dosing alternately, little think how many sleepless nights, and restless days, their favourites have passed, ere the volumes that surround them were produced: yet with all these inconveniences an author would be very unwilling to change his mode of life, and forego his pretensions to literary fame, in order to live in splendid ignorance, the admiration of a few, and the laughing-stock of thousands.

This worthy class of personages is generally known by a brow wrinkled from severe study, and by frequent action and mutterings in the street, which betray the inward workings of the mind; their dress, too, is of a description differing entirely from that of the dandy gentlemen about town, being not very much in the fashion, and neither remarkable for it's neatness nor value: they frequently carry a memorandum-book in their pockets, in which they note down the passing occurrences of the day, change the names of the parties concerned, throw in some additional incidents, and refine a little upon the originals; thus with a few slight touches to render them sufficiently improbable, the characters of real life are *fitted* for the novel, or romance. It was certainly necessary, before I made any other remarks, to lay down a few traits of character, by which a man of letters might be distinguished from the common herd, since

the fair sex always like to know something about the appearance of an author, before they determine upon the merits of his composition: who, or what, is he? is his figure well turned? are his features regular? and is he a gallant man? all these questions are put in a breath; yet half the pleasure vanishes, when his name and occupation are known.

A youthful writer is usually condemned, if he happens to hit upon a subject which has been previously treated by a man of acknowledged talents; no allowances are made for his inexperience, the critics immediately begin by drawing a parallel between the two, regardless of honest Dogberry's opinion, that "comparisons are odorous," and forgetful, that the young bird must try his wings, ere he ventures to soar aloft. When he comes into company, where, amongst other things, his own writings are the subject of conversation, or, when seated amongst a party of friends, who are loud in their praise, he is certainly placed in a most awkward situation: he cannot say they are defective, because this would not only be lowering himself in his own opinion, but offering an insult to the good taste, and judgment of the public, whilst acknowledging the justness of their decision, might favour a charge of vanity: he is obliged, then, to follow the Pythagorean system of see, hear, and say nothing; and allows his companions to continue their commendations, till he has drained the cup of pleasure to it's very dregs.

Heavy and unmacadamized is the road that leads to literary attainment, and there are so many by-paths branching from it, that the traveller, hoping to find a shorter cut, frequently misses his way: some few, who are content to follow the directions given them in the outset, keep on in the beaten track, and draw so near the goal, as to become of sufficient consequence to be envied, courted, criticised, and abused by their cotemporaries, be assaulted by the artillery of the Reviewers, or surprized by an ambuscade of Journalists; but the pieces levelled at them are frequently filled with blank cartridges, or so overloaded that they burst in the discharge. If a man is attacked in print, he should be temperate in his reply. Johnson seldom condescended to answer his opponents, contenting himself by laughing at their puny efforts.

However laborious the task of composition may be, a standard author is fully repaid, by the comparatively easy method of per-

petuating his fame; the number of copies he himself puts forth are no sooner exhausted, than their place is supplied by another edition, which for all purposes of utility, is of equal value with the first; and the last, in point of typographical beauty, may be far superior to it's precursor. In this respect he has a great advantage over the painter, statuary, and architect; whose labours are lost to the world after the lapse of a few centuries; where shall we look for the once captivatings painting of Apelles, or the graceful statues of Praxiteles; or is there any thing left to us from which our imaginations can draw a likeness of these great men. When we contemplate the stupendous works of Homer, each vigorous line gives some fresh hint towards the completion of his portrait: this indeed would have been sufficient to convince us they could not be the 'production of "an apprentice in the art;" but his prodigious learning, and vast research, compel us to look for a countenance furrowed by time, and impressed with the marks of wisdom.

Though somewhat of an enthusiast in these matters, I do not, as yet, consider myself entitled to wear threadbare habiliments, or to run up against people in the streets from pretended abstraction; I still put on a good coat, and tie my cravat in the fashion: for all that I am visibly altered, have become much less particular than I used to be, and absolutely caught myself the other day spouting in St. James's Park; when the reformation is thoroughly effected, you may perhaps hear again from

SCRIBLERUS.

ADDRESS.

"If I tell thee a lie, Hal, spit in my face and call me horse."—SHAKESPEARE.

RICH, courteous, and well-meaning reader—for so we would have thee—remember this is the holyday time of Christmas, and if thou art sick to satiety of the good things which the season brings with it, so we hope that thou wilt the more readily receive our lucubrations, to serve thy amusement while thou art sitting in thine old arm-chair digesting the mince-pies, and thoughtfully stroking down thy chin exclaiming "Ah! Christmas comes but once a year!" Our dish is not so savoury as perhaps thou hadst anticipated, and we can give

these reasons divers and many why it is not. But, consider, were we to serve up an extremely rich dish, thou wouldst in this gluttonizing time renew thy masticating powers, and devour us as eagerly as thou hast done the capons and turkeys, so that it was the thinking thou wouldst be cloyed, caused us to make our appearance in a less *author-itative* style. Now, right courteous one, considering we have striven not to cloy thee, I pray you not to choke with passion over our dullness, but impute it to the care we had of your health. Thou must not expect to have all the good things at once. Remember thee also that *we* have in like participated in the pleasures of the table—for thou knowest doubtless that authors are the greatest *crammers* in existence when they can obtain a dinner—and considering how seldom that is, thou shouldest, well meaning reader, forgive their sometimes paying more adoration to the belly god than “*magnus Apollo*.” Revolve thee in thy mind, that like the Port of which we believe thee to be fond, we promise to improve with age, and even in the small period which intervenes between this and our next number thou shalt see vast improvement. “Rome was not built in a day,” nor must thou judge from the present what thou art to expect for the future; and although thou mayest take upon thee to tell us the foundation of our work should be good, we answer thee this is not the basis, but a mere sort of clearance of the soil upon which this bantling of our brain *is* to be founded. We do not scruple to tell thee that, if thou art disappointed, we are equally so, and all entirely owing to the overturning of a coach. We believe it will be better to intrust thee with the secret, which thou mayest keep or disclose, as thou shalt deem most fitting.

When our Prospectus was issued the Editor left dear Alma Mater for the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis to make all arrangements with writers, booksellers, publishers, and the like necessities, and a woeful abundance of matter was collected. But look you to this, right courteous Sir, a most awful panic arose in the money market, and letters came far and near for agents to draw upon the banks, and much drawing there was in large Capitals; what then? our Editor-man, receives intelligence how that he must hurry him to Alma Mater to secure a large sum of money. Away he hied—for he was ever known to have a vast regard for *Mint* sauce, taking with him all the papers belonging to the “Literary Lounger.” But,

ah! futile were all his hopes of arriving within sight of the dome of Ratscliffe, or the sound of Tom, the St. Paul's of Oxford. The envious fates interfered. The wheel of fortune revolved on a wrong axis, or the careless "ne'er-do-weel" of a coachman forgot how to manage his reins, or the horses discovered they had not their wonted driver, and, like the horses of the chariot of the sun, grew restive, sending the modern Phaeton from his box souse into a mill stream that meanders gently through the town of High Wycombe. Ah! it must have been a woeful sight to have seen the Editor-man—the man of letters—tumbling off the box with his boxes on top of him—to see him raised up with a broken arm and a desperate deal of damage in the way of bruises. Must it not have been glorious to have seen the blue-eyed maid of the Red Lion, "like ancient damsel," binding up his arm, while the poor body was fainting on the sofa. Ah! woe is me, the worst is to be told. The coach was righted and went on, leaving our poor sickly classman at Wycombe, and taking his luggage, wherein was our bank of literature, our valuable papers, to Oxford.

Well, there he laid, and no one heard aught about him until intelligence was sent from the inn as to his state, and then, not being able to obtain the papers that were to make us, new ones were prepared at a short notice, and in how hurried a manner is evident. However, though thou mayest be nothing of an artist we have worked it up for your palette (palate) as well as the shortness of the time would admit. But, mind you, this is mere milk and water to that which shall be forthcoming, and having told you the whole affair thus publicly, you cannot make much breach of our confidence. We pray thee to make all allowances, and look upon us with a kindly eye, considering that we dwell not in this study; "non hic sulcos ducimus; non hoc pulvere desudamus." We have done our endeavour. "Parvus sum, nullus sum; altum nec spiro, nec spero." We are but smatterers, we confess—strangers—here and there we pluck a flower. Fare thee well for the present, though we are neither *horse jockeys*, or *grooms*, we promise our next number shall smack more of the *stable*, and so the compliments of the season to you, right courteous and well-meaning reader, a merry Christmas and happy New Year.

PETER PULL, BELLMAN OF THE PARISH.